Depth of Field

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Depth of Field

by dandelion_wishes

Summary

Will is a nature photographer who goes to Lithuania to photograph wolves being poached. The poachers and Will run into something they have never encountered.

Notes

No beta

Chapter 1

Will is hiding among some trees and brush in a forest Lithuania. Will pulls his skull cap down tighter over his brown curls. He rubs his hands together to try a and get some feeling back into them. Will's blue eye looks through the telescopic lens off his digital camera sitting on an tripod. He pulls his green army coat tighter and tucks the cameo blanket around him. It is late Autumn but it felt like winter.Will wiggles his toes in his boots, so some warmth will return.

Will has been waiting to catch some wolf poachers. The poachers are killing wolves who were only three or fours years old. The wolves have just reached reproductive maturity or have only going through the mating process once. Wolves numbers are declining in this region. The government passed a law, to limit the number of wolves a hunter could kill but wolf pelts are profitable at the moment.

Will checks his thermos for coffee which there is none. He then checks his very first camera, a rare gift his father gave him when he was twelve. Will fell in love with nature photography. His empathy made his photographs gripping. Will knew when to capture the most intense moments in a subjects life or environment. Will has done all types of photography but he prefers the solitude of nature. When Will can catch and exposure people that abuse narure or kill animals unlawfully, it makes his job that more rewarding to him.

Will hears the hunters approaching, they have several dead wolves. Will pushes his out rage and grief aside as he starts snapping pictures. Will hears a small sound to the right of the hunters. In the setting sun, it looks the shadow of a stag. Will focuses in on the area of the shadow. The shadow is not a stag but creaturw Will has never seen before. It looks like a man whose skin is black,there are huge antlers coming out of his skull and his eyes are milky white. He stands up on two legs. The creature has talons for hands.

Will ignores his instincts to run, instead he starts taking pictures of the creature. The creature sneaks up on the hunters. Will could cry out an alarm to the hunters but he keeps a an emotional distance, curious to see what happens.Will can feel what is going to happen. The creature attacks the hunters, ripping some to shreds, others he breaks their necks and one he starts to eat. Will can't look away, he just keeps pressing shutter.

When the digital card is full he picks up the analog camera. He gets two shots in before he realizes the clicks have grabs the attention of the creature. The predator turns his head in Will's direction. Will gasps out an "oh shit!" before he turns and runs into the depths of the forest. The dark has encroached in on Will. Will loses his bearings as he hears the creature pursuing him. Will painics, he can't remember where the rental car is. Will stops, listening for the monster. He hears a branch break, he takes off in a blind run. He trips and rolls down an embankment.

Will rolls up to all fours. He tries to take off again but he must have broken his ankle. Will's leg hurts like hell. He feels nauseous, he grips his ankle in pain.He sees white eyes looking at

him out of the darkness. Will tries scooting away from the creature but his back hits a tree truck.

Will holds up his hands in surrender. "I am not here hunting! I just took pictures. See ,a camera. I can destroy the pictures. Nobody will see them. Nobody will know your here." Will knows he's babbling but he doesn't know what else to do. He wishes he would just pass out. Then he would be blissfully unaware of his impending demise.

The predator tilts his head and Will swears it smiles at him. "Please" Will says as the creature walks toward him slowly. "Break my neck..if you can understand me..just make it quick." Will's vision suddenly goes black as the monster slams his head back on the tree.

Hannibal looks down at he man with the camera. He knew hunters were poaching on his land. Hannibal didn't mind, it made stocking up for the long winter months easier.The Lectors have been in power in the region for centuries and no one ever questioned them. Trespassing on their land was grounds for prosecution or worse. Law enforcement had thousands of missing person cases after people were seen near the family's property but only a cursory investigation was ever done. The family seems untouchable.

The man looks intrigueing. An American investigating poaching in Lithuania, how fascinating.The castle was lonely in the winter. It would often become isolated from the snow. Hannibal thinks he could keep the man as a pet, if he was tiresome Hannibal could eat him.If the human makes it to the spring,Hannibal could fatten him up and eat him for Easter. The wendigo bends down and sniffs. The aroma at first is off putting, so much dog. Hannibal detects something faint that smells delicious. After the human is cleaned up, he should be able to scent it out better. Hannibal nods his head in satisfaction with his decision.

He reaches down and picks the man up easily.

Will wakes up on a bed with heavy velvet bed curtains shut. There is a sliver of yellow light where the curtains aren't fully closed, that seeps through. His coat, glasses, hat and gloves have been removed from him.His leg has been elevated and a cast put on his ankle. Will groans as shifts in pain that shoots up his leg. He closes his eyes. He wonders where he is becuase it is not a hospital.

He tries to remember what happened. Will decides that the monster in the woods was a figment of his imagination. It must be his minds way of copeing with the carinage he witnessed.

Will hears movement beyond the curtain. "Hello? Is someone there?"

There is no answer. Will closes his eyes rubbing his forehead as he tries relieve some of the ache of his head. He hears the heavy curtains slide open. Will opens his eyes to see the creature from the woods standing there.

Will eyes widen he pushes back to the head board trying to get out of reach of the ceature. His logical mind tells him to calm down, if it wanted him dead he would be. His primal mind says get the fuck outta there before your dinner or dessert.

Will's breath becomes fast and heavy. The creatures talons move toward Will's chest. Will turns his head squeezing his eyes shut. He feels a gently pressure on his chest. Will feels the creature trying to calm him down.He complies slowing his breathing down. Will feels light headed. He feels a talon scrap down his face gently. They scratch his head gently, it feels surprisingly good. Almost like a lover's touch, if your lover was a demon.

Hannibal watches the man flinch from his gentle caresses.He can tell the human is trying to control his reactions to him.He is trying not to show fear, even though Hannibal can taste the fear. He can roll it around on the tongue it is so thick.Hannibal hears a knock before he can answer his Uncle Robert comes in. Robert strides over the bed looking at his nephew and then the human in the bed.

"Hannibal! Why is there a human animal in your bed?! I strictly forbade you having any pets. Especially one as dangerous as a human." Robert yells at Hannibal in their native tongue. The man had opened his eyes when he heard his uncle yelling. Now the man is cowering down at the head board. His breathing has become rapid again.

Will hears the door opening. There are no longer gentle touches. He hears a deep growl and something that sounds like a language. Will opens his eyes to see another creature. His skin seems more grey then black. His antler are bigger and his eyes are red. The creature looks pointing at Will. Will closes his eyes, tries to blend in the sheets. It is very obvious the new creature is angry. He suddenly feels talons dig into his neck as he is shook like a pup. Will cries out from the pain of the cuts.

"Uncle please let him go! You are hurting him as well as scaring him. I just got him calmed down." Hannibal crosses his arms looking at his uncle, who is shaking his pet. The man whimpers from the pain in his neck.

His uncle realises the human. "You can not keep him Hannibal!"

"Please Uncle Robert, he is injured. I will look after him. I'll train him, so he'll stay out of your way.I want to be a human doctor someday. This will give me some practical experience. If he is too much of trouble, we can always eat him." Hannibal says looking at the man, who covers his head with his arms, sinking lower in the bed.

"Oh Robert, let the boy have him." Hannibal's aunt gentle voice is heard from the door.His uncle looks at her. "I don't want to encourage this strange obsession with humans. They are food and why he wants to be a doctor is beyond me."His uncle fumes

"Hannibal has an inquisitive mind. He gets lonely in the winter. The human would keep him company and some responsibility would be good for him." His aunt looks at Hannibal " now you will have to feed him, clean up after him, bath him and train him. Humans are a lot of work Hannibal. If you do not care.for him, he will be eaten."

" I understand aunt, thank you." Hannibal bows his head. His aunt is standing on the other side of the bed. His uncle storms out cursing. She looks at the shaking human in the bed. "Human take longer to heal Hannibal. So do not push him. He is a pretty human. I once had a female human pet. She was lovely. Owning a human can be most rewarding." She smiles at Hannibal.

"What happened to your human aunt?"

"She died from old age. Unfortunately they do not live as long as we do." She sighs heavy " well I'll leave you to it" she leaves the room quietly closes the door.

Will is shaking in the bed, his arms cover his head and he sinks a low as he can, once he is out of the clutches of one of the creatures. As he listens to the conversation he hears a third one enter the room and conversation. The voice is softer and higher, maybe a female. "Fuck, fuck fuck" Will's mind can only think "there are three of them.three of them. I am so dead..dead..dead."

Will feels a cool.cloth brush his neck. He hisses in pain. When his hands are stopped before they reach his neck he opens his eyes. He sees the creative's collar bone.He can smell dirt, blood and death. Will feels a bandage laid on his wound. Will swallows staying still. Once the wound is secure, Hannibal steps back looking at his new pet.This winter is going to be really rewarding, Hannibal can tell.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Grammar and spelling sucks.

Thanks for reading anyway

Will feels warm hands remove his arms from his head. The creature is standing by his bed with Will's forearms in his hands. The creative's talons look like they are shorter. Maybe the creature can manipulate his own morphology, Will thinks. Will blinks as he feels his body straighten up, he hisses at the pain the pull has on his ankle. Will tentatively shifts trying to get more comfortable.

Hannibal sighs then turns to go to a cabinet. He opens it and starts rummaging for some kind of pain medication. The human seems to be suffering. Hannibal, while searching through various vials and bottles, decides he needs to brush up on his English. He knows several language but he doesn't practice English very often. Hannibal decides he needs to establish trust with the human it will help in his training. Hannibal finds what he is looking for he then fills a syringe.

The creature approaches Will with something in his hand hidden. Will instinctively watches when he sees the creature clutch something. The creature sits on the side of the bed. He clears his throat. He points to himself. "Hannibal"

Will blinks repeats "Hannibal?"

Hannibal nods his head. He points at the human. "Name?"

"Can you speak English?"

Hannibal looks at the human with an expectant look. Will feel the creature irritation with him for not answering his question.

Will drops his eyes senseing that direct contact is a challenge." I am sorry for not answering your question. My name is William. I mean Will."

The creature dips his head in acknowledgement, his antlers moving close to Will. He says "William." The accent is thick sounding like the locals Will had encountered.

Hannibal takes Will's hand in his, studying the pale skin and veins that are visible. He slowly moves his hand up to Will's shoulder. Will's eyes follow Hannibal's hand. Will fills a sting in his neck before his hand comes up to knock the syringe away. Will's eyes flash with anger and beytral.

Will's head falls back to the pillow. His limbs and eyes feel heavy very quickly. He smacks his lips and moves his tongue testing it's movement. Hanniba retrieves leather bound book and a pen from the night stand. He beings to write his observations about Will.

Hannibal is intrigued that Will picks up on Hannibal's insistance for good etiquette. He is pleased that Will shows his submissiveness by apologizing. The drugs for pain has taken effect quickly. Hannibal tilts his head watching his pet. He may have been a little enthusiastic in his dosage.

Will hums and sinks into the bed. His ankle wasn't hurting anymore, that was for sure. Will smiles in the pleasant warmth of the blankets.Hannibal moves closer to Will. He hasn't had the opportunity to look over his new pet. Hannibal assessed Will's ankle earlier but that was all Hannibal looked at. Hannibal shrinks his talons further so he can move his fingers through Will's dark curls. Since wendigos are naturally hairless, feeling hair was a novelty. Will leans into the touch enjoying the light scratching. 'Interesting.Will seems to touch starved.' Hannibal thinks to himself.

Hannibal moves his hands to Will's forehead and he gently runs his fingertips across Will's eyebrows then down to his lashes. The creature removes Will's cracked glasses to the night stand. Will turns his head trying to bat away Hannibal's hands but his movements are slow. Will makes a whimpering sound as Hannibal hold his hands down by his side.

Hannibal growls a warning to Will to remain still. Will swallows and nods. The wendigo seems pleased by this. The wendigo brings his hands up to Will's nose following the slope of it. He feels the breath coming in and out. Hannibal likes the warmth of Will's breath.

Hannibal.has very little experience with live human;except in the moment just immediately before he rips their organs out. Hannibal is enjoying observing and exploring his human pet.His hand glides over Will's closely trimmed beard. Hannibal hums his displeasure. He is not sure he likes this hair.

Will's cheeks are a slight pink. Hannibal likes this color with the pale almost translucent skin.Hannibal moves his hand down Will's throat. Hannibal rests his hands here. He feels the threading pulse and the bob of Will's Adam's apple. Hannibal slips his hands under Will's shirt to feel his shoulder.

Will shifts and groans. He breath has increased. He feels violated by the touches. He knows Hannibal is probing out of curiosity but touches are unwelcome. Will tries shaking his head. Hannibal ignores the gesture as he tears open the t shirt to look what is below. The torso is mostly hairless with some definition of muscles. There are nipples that are pert from the cold..Hannibal makes a tsking sound, he doesn't understand why male human have those. The pink on his pet's cheeks has traveled down to his chest.

Hannibal can hear Will's increased heart beat. He watches as Will's soft belly rises and falls. Hannibal's finger follows the hair leading down from the belly to the top of his boxers. Will's breath hitches as he becomes motionless. Will is prey caught in the sight of a predator. Hannibal glances up to see tears flow down Will's cheeks.

Will's eyes are shut his head turned away bearing the right of his neck. Hannibal has heard of these tears before. He drags his finger through Will's tears. He puts them in his mouth swirling them around his tongue like fine wine. Hannibal writes in his journal about the tears. He also makes a quick sketch of Will crying. Hannibal knows it can be a sign of distress but he likes the way the human looks.

Hannibal wipes away the tears making a very soft shushing sound. He pushes calm toward his pet.. after a few minutes Will does seem to calm down.Will's breath becomes deeper. Hannibal realizes his pet has fallen asleep.

'Good' He thinks. Hannibal decides to fix something for Will to eat. Hannibal will continue his exploration later. He tucks the cover under Will's chin and smooth unruly curls away from his face. Hannibal goes out of the room locking the door behind him.

Will awakens to the smells of something delicious. His stomach rumbles as he cracks his eyes. The room seems darker. There are only candles for lightning. Will looks to his right and sees a bowl with steam rising from it. It smells like chicken soup. Will takes his arm out from.underneath the covers reaching for the spoon. His flesh goosebumps while he shivers from the cold air in the room.

His hand is gently slapped away from the soup. He quickly puts his hand back away. He has forgotten about Hannibal. Hannibal goes to the armoire he opens the doors Will can see regular human clothes. Will wonders if they are Hannibal's or other victims.Hannibal returns with a thermal shirt and soft gray sweater. Hannibal puts his arms up. Will looks at him for a second. Then He mimics the action slowly. Hannibal puts the thinner shirt than the sweater on him.

Will internally bristles at being dressed like a child. His face must of shown his displeasure because Hannibal gives him.a.curious look. Will thinks now is not the time to ruffle feathers. Will tries to bring his face back to neutral.

Hannibal smiles as he takes up the bowl of soup he sits on the bed. He dips the spoon in the warm soup bringing it up to Will's mouth. Will reaches for the spoon Hannibal pulls it away shaking his head. Will's mouth sets in a grimace a growl.of frustration is forced down his chest. He crosses is arms defensively. Will looks at the spoon and then at Hannibal. Will considers.refusing the meal but he is so hungry. Will opens his mouth to face the humiliation of being fed like a child to fill his hollow stomach.

Hannibal smiles as he brings the spoon to Will's lips. Soon his pet will learn that everything is given to him by his owner. The human will eat, wear and rest when Hannibal deems fit. Will seems to be learning quickly. His anticipation of what Hannibal means without saying it, is rather unusual for a human. Will eats all the soup and drinks all his water.

Hannibal moves the tray out of the way. Then he picks up his journal and pen. He makes an entry.Hannibal makes a list of training and experiments he will do when his pet is fully recovered. Hannibal yawns. He gives Will some more pain medication. Will sinks down with a small smile. Hannibal stretches his limbs. Will watches with awe as Hannibal's antlers

seems to shrink to nubs. His talons are fully sheathed. Hannibal blows out the candles but opens the curtains to let in some moonlight.

Hannibal walks over to the bed and gets under the covers with Will.Will stops breathing. He feels panic creep up his throat despite the medication. Hannibal comes closer to Will, he strokes his hand through Will's curls to try gentle him to sleep. Will finally lets out his breath. His eyes stay wide awake until the medication pulls him into slumber.

Hannibal scents his pet wrinkles his nose. A bath tomorrow will be top priority.

The next morning Hannibal wakes to Will trying to get across the floor. He is sweating with exertion. Will has made it his desk and is clutching the chair to steady himself. Hannibal smells blood. It looks like Will has bit his lip. Hannibal walks up to him watching him. He is curious to see if the human is trying to escape or fight. When Hannibal approaches Will, Will grabs his crotch looking embarrassed.

"Oh" Hannibal says nodding his head. He picks up Will carrying him to the bathroom. Will clutches the sink as Hannibal opens the toliet lid leaving Will for a few minutes. After Will is done, Hannibal returns to draw a bath.

Hannibal turns to situate Will on the toilet while he takes Will shirts off and then his boxers. Will makes a point not to look at Hannibal directly. Hannibal turns placing Will into the tube being cautious not to get the broken ankle wet. He props it up, next Hannibal gets soap and wash cloth. Will reaches for those as he did the spoon.Hannibal shakes his head. Will places his hands on the side of the tube.

Hannibal soaps up his wash cloth, starts washing Will's chest. He is watching his pet out of the perifial vision. Will seems reluctant to look at Hannibal, although he does watch his hands as they move around Will's body. His breathing shortens with fear when Hannibal moves to more vulnerable areas.

Will and Hannibal hear his bedroom door open. Then some footsteps. Hannibal turns his head and sniffs the air.

"Hannibal?" A female voice calls.

"I am in here Alana!" Hannibal answers in the native wendigo language as he continues cleaning Will.

A woman appears at the door. She has long burnett hair and blue eyes. He lips are turned up on a smile.Will gasps as though he is going to try and warn her, when the woman begins to change. He eyes turn murky white while her skin turns to a very dark chocolate brown. Her hair morphs into as small set of antlers. She is still wearing her human clothes. Will has never seen anything like her transformation.'that's how they have lived undetectedfor so long.' He thinks.'then the clothes in the closest are Hannibal's.'

"Holy shit!" Will exlaims.

Will feels a sharp pop on his mouth from Hannibal, it smarts from the cut on his lip. His hand cover his mouth and glares at Hannibal.

"Language, William." Hannibal calmly reprims.

Will's eyebrows knit together as his temper washes over him like a tidal wave. Before he thinks he utters, "Fuck you, asshole!"

Alana hands comes.up to her mouth as she tries to stifle a giggle at Hannibal. Hannibal looks totally surprised. It is an accomplishment few have achieved. Hannibal swiftly gets up grabs Will's hair and foreceably pushes Will's head under the water. Will starts to flail arms trying to grab onto something to push himself up.

"Hannibal! Your going to drown him!" Alana shouts

Hannibal pulls Will up, Will grabs Hannibal's hand in his hair and sputters. " You son of a " before Will can finish he is forced under the water again. Hannibal looks at Alana.

"He has to be trained that obscene language is not tolerated in this house or in my presence." Hannibal says as Will's struggle becomes more aggressive. The water has splashed out of the tube, suddenly Will hits his broken ankle against the side of the tube. Hannibal lets Will up.

Will flings himself on the other side of the tube from Hannibal. He holds on as he groans in pain and heavies in air.He is shaking from the adrenaline and pain.Will feels a gentle hand stroke his head. Will flinches away but the hand continues. Will cuts his eyes to see Alana. Will relaxes somewhat when he sees Hannibal has left the room.

"Ahhh..now William. It will be okay. Hannibal is getting you something for pain." Alana says

"You can speak English?" He groans out gripping the side of the tube as the ache sets in.

"Yes. My name is Alana. I am friend of Hannibal's." She gently scratches Will's scalp like a dog.

"Are you from America...You sound American."

"I am." She answer softly.

Will feels someone take his arm. Will tries to pull out of Hannibal's grip." That would not be wise, William." Hannibal gives him a stern look. Will reluctantly lets Hannibal take his arm giving some medication. Will feels ice then warmth feel his veins. He wonders what the hell the creature is giving him.Will settles back into the water.

The female creature is still smiling as she looks at Hannibal" Your Aunt told me you had a human pet, I thought she was teasing me. How did you get your uncle to agree?" She asks breathsly.

"It was my Aunt persuasion with strict instructions of my responsibility. Since he is injured he has not been very aggressive. But I see some life has surged back into him. I love a challenge. " Hannibal laughs "I was about to wash his hair. He has been little skittish and of

course not trained yet. He seems to be intelligent and sensitive human." Hannibal takes the soap to lather Will's hair.

"Why are you here Alana?" Hannibal asks he gently washes Will's hair.

"Oh..Papa wanted to make sure your Uncle was coming for the holidays. He thought an invitation in person would persuade your Uncle to come, as well as all of you."

"Uncle does hate to leave during the winter. It will be hard for him to refuse a personal invitation."

"I hope it works. " Alana says smiling at Hannibal.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Oi - Japanese for nephew

For entertainment purpose. Do not own Hannibal.

Hannibal rinses Will's hair as Alana drifts near. She watches Hannibal's hands mesmerized by the way the water shifts through the human's hair. The hair looks as fluid as the liquid that slides through it.

"May I touch his hair?" She looks at Hannibal. Even when in human form, the texture of hair seems to lacking in wendigo. It maybe becuase the hair is formed from their antlers that the metamorphosis never feels as good as a human does. Hannibal smiles and nods gesturing with an open head toward his pet's head.

Since Alana is with his pet, Hannibal retrieves some clean dry clothes as well as a couple of towels.He'll need to asks his uncle to have someone retrieve the human's belongings. On secound thought he should as his aunt to do it. His uncle was frustrated enough with his nephew keeping a pet. Hannibal understands the older wendigo is frustrated with his aunt as well. She has never been able to deny anything to Hannibal.

He enters the bathroom finding Alana fingers carding through the human's hair. His pet's eyes are closed with a small smile on his face clearly enjoying the gentle caresses. Hannibal walks over to the tub and pulls the plug. The female wendigo leaves the room as he lifts Will.up wrapping the towel around him. Will shivers his head rolls from side to side too heavy for his neck.

His eyes flutters his lashes gently tickling the wendigo' s chest. Hannibal gently towels the human off contemplating his next move. He likes his pet when he is fiery and when he is pliant as well. The duality of man's mind is so intriguing to the young wendigo.He asks Alana to bring the dry clothes to him. He dresses Will before placing him back into the bed. Will sighs as his eyes drift close, thinking just for a moment. He vaguely hears the click of the door shutting.

Hannibal and Alana head to the kitchen. " have you eaten yet?" Hannibal asks politely.

"No. To be honest your human sitting in the hot water has me hunger for stew." She answers giggling. "I had to restrain myself from licking him."

Hannibal shoots her a look of irritation which she takes as disgust. "Well he smelt...yummy." She pouts.

The male wendigo smiles in amusement."let's make stew."

Sometime later his Aunt Muriska finds her nephew and their guest working in the kitchen. Alana is sipping some beer as Hannibal removes some bread from the oven.

"Smells divine ,*Oi*. What have you prepared for us?" The older wendigo picks up a ladle dipping into the pot. She blows than takes a sip humming her appreciation.

"Just a simple stew. Apparently a soaking human leads to a craving of stew for Alana." Alana gives him a playful slap on the arm.

"I certainly can relate that." His aunt smiles looking at the couple. Robert and she were hoping for a match between those two.There was plenty of time for feelings to develop, if that was the inclination.

"Aunt could you please have someone.."

"I have already taken care of that for you Hannibal. Your pets things have been brought up to your room. Robert checked him out of his room.He'll just be a photographer left for his next assignment.

"Thank you." The male wendigo smiles and kisses his aunt's cheek.

"The stew is ready shall we eat in the dinning room?"

"No I think in here. What are you feeding your pet?" She asks as she brings out three bowls and plates.She hands them to Alana who automatically takes them to the kitchen nook.

"Stew" Hannibal says as he slices the bread.

"Stew?!" Both females says

"Yes. Why not?" Hannibal stirs the content of the pot.

"Alana. Would you mind giving us a moment?"

Alana nods walking out the door. Hannibal looks at his aunt, tilting his head in expectation.

"Hannibal, you know the tales about feeding a human his own kind."

The younger wendigo laughs out loud. "You don't believe those old tales do you Aunt?"

"Yes I do Hannibal. Those stories even though they have been distorted over time have a foundation in truth.please promise me you won't give him any human meat."

Hannibal looks at the older female. She is tense. She sounds in earnest as she speaks, almost fearful. He feels intrigued at this idea. He was read the old tales long ago,maybe he needs to reread them. The ultimate experiment. He sighs, he has to tell her something. A promise he doesn't have to keep, something to quiet her concern.

" I will see that his needs are met."

"Hannibal..I.mean what I say...Do not do this no matter how tempted you are." She knows her nephew is trying to avoid the promise. Teenagers..so rebellious she thinks.

Hannibal takes some bread and tea up to Will since Alana has been watching like a hawk. He knocks on the door entering the room. The human is staring out the window watching the wind move the leaves. He does not acknowledge Hannibal's presence; a secound softer knock is heard as Alana enters.

"I thought I could help you communicate with Will" she says smiling.

"Ahh that would be of great help in helping William to understand his new living arrangement."

"Will, food is ready. Would you like to sit here?" Hannibal points to a chair by the fire place. The castle tends to be chilly even for a warmbloodied wendigo. Will looks briefly at the chair before returning his eyes to the window. He swallows before he replies."No Thank you."

Hannibal takes the tray to the bedside table. He sits on the bed watching Will shrinking back into the pillows. His pet looks disbondant. The wendigo tears off some bread offering it to Will. When Will reaches for the bread, Hannibal takes it back shaking his head no. The man sets his mouth and refuses the bread offered.

He mumbles "I am not a child or a pet." His eyes snap to Hannibal when he hears the creature laugh quietly. The male wendigo says something Alana. She sits on the other side of the bed. She gently touches Will's shoulder.He flinches looking at her.

"Will. Hannibal's English is not fluent. He wants me to help communicate with you until I leave." She gives him a closed lipped smile. Alana doesn't want to frighten the human by showing her teeth.

Will takes a moment and nods his head. He keeps his eyes on her hands.

"Okay. Hannibal, she says looking at her male counterpart. Hannibal says a few things to her in their native language. Alana nods at him before she turns back to Will.

"Hannibal wants you to know you are not a child but you are his pet now."

"Pet!" Will looks at Hannibal incredulously. "You can tell him I am not a pet to be trained." He crosses his arms angrily glaring at he blankets. He hears Hannibal say something.

"He says how do you want to die?"

Will looks up directly into Hannibal's eyes. He nervously casts them aside. "Die? How?"

"You are a pet,Will. If you aren't a pet, you are food. Hannibal and his aunt convinced his uncle to keep you. They can't let you go." Alana says in her most soothing voice. " So if you aren't a pet.."

"I am lunch. Just call me Wilbur" he murmurs.

"Who?" asks a Hannibal tilting his head. He is trying not to smile at his pet's indengation.

"Wilbur is a character from a children's book called **Charlotte's Web.** A pig saved from slaughter by a little girl and a spider."

Hannibal chuckles nodding his head "Ahhh...some pig."

"That's me some pig. Even Wilbur was allowed to feed himself." Will says petulantly.

Hannibal speaks to Alana again. She has been watching the way Hannibal looks at his new pet. His looks are something akin to fondness or kindness. Even though Hannibal is always polite he not very kind; it is a rare trait in wendigo. She nods her head turning slightly to the human.

"Hannibal says he realizes that you are capable of feeding yourself but you need to be trained. So you will be obedient and follow rules without quesion."

Will blanches at the thought of being obedient, just the word grates on his neves. Being obedient has not been Will's forte in the past. Of course if he followed all of the rules he would be free from this prision. A velvet prision but still one.He feels petulant. His whole body aches and after smashing his broken ankle on the side of the tub it was beginning to throb again. Will huffs as he thinks.

"What if I am not trainable or follow the rules? Is there a way I can earn my freedom?" Will asks looking at he bread in Hanibal 's taloned hand.

"You are brave or foolish." Will's captor says smiling. He looka at Alana giving her his complete reply.

"He says You are brave to try and negotiate with a superior being. You are foolish to think if you will not die if you are not trained. You seem intelligent enough to understand that."

Alana ducks her head slightly to lean closer to Will. She takes his hand, ignoring that he flinches. She squeezes the human's hand slightly to gain his undivided attention. It works as Will slowly moves his clear blue eyes upwards.

"Will it important you undersand if Hannibal's Uncle Robert feels you are a nusiance, you will be killed. I feel sure as your relaionship grows, your personal freedom will be more. Make no mistake anyone of us will protect our species from extinction. Which could happen if we are revealed." she can't resist puing a chocolate curl behind his ear.

"If...if,,, I don't have proof, no one would believe.They would laugh at me. I...I would be considered insane. There would be no point in even saying anyhing." the pet clutches Alana's hand back as his eyes look at her imploring.

"You may try to hunt us down and kill us." she sighs sofly

"No..no..no..I am a fisherman and a photographer i just record nature. I don't inerfer with the natural order of things. He has alrady destroyed any evidence I had." Will points at Hannibal, as he begs Alana for understanding. Hannibal growls at the rude finger. Will looks into the wendigo's eyes for a brief moment before ducking his head, pulling the offending appendage back. "Sorry" is whspered.

The male wendigo seems to narrow his eyes in consideration. Will feels a moment of hope flutter in his chest. He knows he certainly would not be hunting these creaures down, nor telling anyone about them. He has enough people question his sanity as it is, people consider him odd.

The female wendigo looks at Hannibal with a look of knowing. " It's not nice to give him hope, even for a moment." she admonishes in their native tongue.

He looks at his pretty little toy saying "No, you will not leave."

Hannibal almost has a feeling of regrect whe he sees how crest fallen his pet Is. He decides it most be indigestion. The man has pullled his hands away from Alana and now seems to be sulking.

"Could I please have some pain medication. My ankle is killing me." Will asks as politely as he can.

"Aren't you hungery?" asks the female wendigo.

"No thank you. I have lost my appetite."

Hannibal tsks, "You need to eat but I will let you rest before trying again." He moves off to the cabinet to retrieve some medication. Alana waches Wil's profile, she sees a single tear roll down his cheek.

"Is that a tear?" she asks . Will brushes it away and sniffs. He shrugs his shoulder. 'God, he feels like he's five again. When he was forced to say a few weels with some relatives. He had felt small and alone.Dej vu, what fun he thinks.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> this chapter was hard to writet. i must have rewrote it several times but still...if it seems awkard and strange..well it is....it's not you it's me..lol... sorry so long on update

Alana says good night as she lives for her bedroom. Will closes his eyes gathering his inner strength to control his emotions. He feels Hannibal observing him. It feels like flies buzzing around his face. No matter how how many times he swats them away, they return. He feels his anxiety build like a coils of a snake.It tightens restricting his breathing.

"What.." he asks through clenched teeth.

"Excuse me?" Hannibal asks amused.

"Why are you looking at me?" Will asks briefly looking at Hannibal.

"I find you interesting. You are pleasant to look at maybe not always pleasant to smell.We may need to have you bath twice a day. Do you need the hair below your neck?"

Will shakes his head in disbelief. He stutters out, "It helps keep me warm."

"It can't keep you that warm. It's not thick and you use clothes."

"It distinguishes me as an adult male."

"It seems to me the hair traps odor."

Will crosses his arms suddenly very protective of his distinction as an adult male.He has always looked so young and so pretty, a word he hates when it is referenced to himself, that he has gone out of his way to change that. Will feels preyed upon when he is not covered in frumpy clothes and scruff. Hannibal clears his throat dragging the human out his reverie. Will looks at the wendigo' s collarbone waiting for him to speak.

"I was curious why you are ashamed of your tears?"

Will swallows. He squirms into a semi comfortable position. "Tears are often considered a sign of weakness."

"Ah I see. Are you weak, Will?"

"I consider myself in a weakened state but I am not weak. No I am not."He looks directly at Hannibal lifting his chin.

Hannibal nods his head as he walks across the carpet to where Will's belonging are resting. He rifles through the clothing stored within, there is flannel shirts, jeans, thermals, wool sweaters, extra leather gloves and hats. All colors appearing in nature that calm and conceal the photographer. Hannibal decides to let Will keep some of the clothing but some of it needs to be tossed in a rag bin.

Looking at Will's clothing and his body, Hannibal decides that human falling into his claws was a divine intervention. The human is neglectful of his health. Under the wendigo's ministrations his human will be strong and healthy. He will also learn proper hygiene. Maybe he should bathe three times a day or maybe shave all his hair off. No..not all..he likes the hair on Will's head.

Hannibal puts off that resolution for a later date. He turns back looking at the miffed human.

"Do you need anything before I retire for the evening?"

Will looks at his arms shakes his head no. Hannibal leaves him going into the bathroom closing the door. The photographer makes sure the creature is still in the bathroom and looks around. He lifts his arms and sniffs. He doesn't smell bad, he determines. Well, he smells a little (everyone does) but not like he hasn't bathed in a week while working in the delta heat.

Will shudders imagining himself as a pocket dog being carried around in some tween girl's purse with dog clothes on. He always felt so sorry for those pets.

As the week progresses, Alana and Hannibal work on his english speaking skills as he gets to know Hannibal's pet. They find the photographer, intelligent and very perceptive in his observations about the wendigo.The trio discusses many things but learning about their prey has been the topic of most conversations. Will has been stiffly polite and to a moderate extent, helpful in giving insight into the mind of humans.

During this time, Hannibal has been sneaking human meat to his pet when he can. Will has asked about the omission of meat from his diet when Alana explained it was all human before Hannibal could stop her revelation. Will blanches agreeing that not eating meat was best. The male wendigo muses this is a temporary setback in his main experiment one that he will overcome soon.

Hannibal has fashioned crutches for Will to begin getting around without help. Hannibal. After the week ends and Alana leaves, Hannibal starts giving the human elixirs their kind take for healing. He was curious to see what will happen.

As expected the human began to heal quickly. Will did experience some side effects that Hannibal faithfully journaled. Will had some minor hallucinations and his nightmare became night terrors. Hannibal discovers he can calm his human down by carding his hands through Will’s hair or whisper terms of endearment into his ears. The wendigo enjoys the push pull in Will's acceptance of him as his master. His human fights his submission.Hannibal finds it glorious. The inner struggle of fear and independent streak is tasty to the wendigo’s palate. A wonderful mixture of sweat, pheromones and heat.

Once William has healed enough not to need crutches or a cane. Hannibal will stop the elixir. Hannibal was forced to remove the cane from Will’s possession. There has been incident with

a cane that shows Hannibal how rebellious Will can be. There is much training Hannibal has left to do.

Will has been walking with cane for a couple weeks. Hannibal and he had taken to walking around the castle for exercise, that seemed to foster a good mood in his pet. He and the human had some interesting conversations. Will is relaxing more around Hannibal making their friendship bloom.

Hannibal comes in one fateful evening with a black box in his talons. Will was not allowed to attend family meals at the moment. It suited Will just fine to have this small time of isolation. Hannibal hands the box to his pet. Will looks at the box and then looks at Hannibal. The wendigo gestures for Will to open it. Will opens the box the finds a handcrafted midnight blue collar tucked inside. It has a solid silver clasp as well as silver pad lock.

Will looks at the collar fury enters his veins that flushes to his face. "It's a collar. You shouldn't have Master." his statement dripped disdain, that Hannibal knew would spill over. His willful pet was so simulating as he twists and suffers so beautifully.

"You are welcome. Come let me put it on you."

"You aren't serious about me wearing this are you? I thought this was one of your jokes."

"Jokes are meant to be funny." says the wendigo with a perplexed expression.

"They are. But yours are never funny." states the human

The wendigo purses his lips in irritation. "This is not a joke. We will have some guests, I am informed. You will been in attendance. So like all good pets you will need your collar as a sign of ownership. Some of my people have no qualms about taking what is not theirs."

"Really….the nerve of some wendigos! I won't wear it until they come." Will sarcastically remarks as the puts the box with collar on the desk. Then lays both his hands on top of the cane.

"William. You will wear it. You do not dictate to me when you will or will not do something. Your training is being intensified. With this visitation, you must be ready. You will join us at family meals, where you will be seen and not heard. You will seat at my feet on a cushion, if you are good. If not then the stone floor will suffice."

"Are you going to feed me at the table like a dog." Will interrupts. His knuckles on the cane are turning white from his death grip on the cane. Hannibal smiles. Now this should be fun to see what happens. The wendigo walks closer to Will's space, knowing his pet hated it.

"Yes or I will not feed you at all. I may even have you sit up in my lap as I pet your curls." the wendigo smiles wickedly of the thought of Will's squirming in his lap.

"You will speak when spoken to, politely of course. You will keep your eyes and head lowered.That won't be a problem for you. That seems to come naturally. If you miss behave I'll publicly discipline you. You will bath twice a day and shave your face and body.So you do no smell."

Will's face crumples in a imploding wave of pure rage. The human yells, "I do not stink! If I do at least I don't smell like blood and rotting flesh. I will not shave and I will not be fed like a dog!" he slams the cane tip against the floor as the makes each point. Will doesn't care if Hannibal kills him right now.Living as a pet with no dignity and independence is worse than death. Next he'll insist Will wear diapers so the change them.

Hannibal strides forward with the intention of taking the cane away.Then shaking his petulant pet by the scruff. Before Will understands what he is doing, he swings the cane and hits the wendigo in the face. Blood flies out of the wendigo's mouth. Will blinks as the holds the cane like a bat. His breathing is rapid. His legs feels paralyzed he would never imagined he would do something like this.

Hannibal staggers back up and turns to face a wild eyed William. Hannibal smiles at Will. It is the most terrifying chilling thing he has ever seen. Will needs to finish this or be finished

himself. As Hannibal draws near, Will takes a step back.He swallows looking for other things he can use as a weapon.

"You are a foolish foolish boy. You should quake in fear and beg for my forgiveness. I will not be lenient with you this time Will." Hannibal hisses walking toward his prey his claws elongating to their natural length and shape.

"I am sorry. I don't know what came over me. I know no matter how much I beg your are still going to kill me." Will says his eyes glassing over with the events playing out in his imagination.Hannibal stops wishing the could see the show projected on Will's eyelids.

Hannibal makes a grab for Will but the human uses the cane to hit his talons away. He swings the cane with no method or strategy. The wendigo traps the cane and jerks it out of his hands.He grabs a hold of Will's shirt as Will rips out of it to try to get away. Hannibal seizes his waistband hauling him to the wendigo. He snatches a belt on the floor doubling it over itself.

Will reaches for the cane on the floor and Hannibal smashes his hand with his knee to keep Will from reaching it. Will screams cradling his hand.The wendigo holds down his pet with a hand at the scruff of the neck. He beats his pet until his back is bloody and there is no more anger left in Hannibal's chest. There are lashes covering Will's back and his pants have been torn away from the belt. There are gashes across his ass and thighs.

Will has grown still as he surrenders to the punishment. He is exhausted from the fight and the beating. His has copious amounts of fear gnawing his mind away. Now a numbness has inserted itself in his mind and body. The annoying buzz of the world and its stimulation is gone.

Will has had a brief experience with this situation before. He dated a man and woman who were into BDSM play. They were dominates and Will loved every moment of his submission. He hasn't felt this empty since his last encounter with the couple before they moved away. Will was eighteen at the time and going to college.

Will doesn't move. He lays still tuning into his breathing.Hannibal looks down on the faraway gaze of his pet. All the yelling, cursing and sobbing has stopped sometime ago.

The silence is deafening.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Sorry, I know it's been awhile for this story. It's a short chapter to hold ya'll over till I rethink where this work is going. Anyway...
>
> enjoy!

Hannibal throws the belt across the floor. The gesture is lacking in the initial fury, it contains disgust instead. The wendigo walks over to the table picking up the box with the collar. He removes the collar kneels down placing the collar around Will's neck locking into place.

Will's eyes are closed forehead to floor he has not spoken or moved except for gasps of air or aftershock shudders. Hannibal stands up sighing. Maybe he should have killed WIll when he was in the woods. The wendigo shakes his head, no he doesn't' back down from a challenge. Hannibal has underestimated Will's resolve and rebellious nature. When the human finally submits it will be a hard won victory. Hannibal walks to the window watching the snow fall.

Will hears the wendigo walk over to the widow. The finally opens his eyes gazing at the black wendigo and the crisp white snow falling outside. It would be a wonderful black and white photo may be printed with silver plate method. It's been the first time the has thought about his art since he has been here. The man misses his camera and his freedom bitterly both equal in intensity.

The man shifts feeling his wounds oozing down his back and sides. Will is unsure whether if he should move or wait for permission. The man shivers from the cold of the room. His eyes go back to studying the stone floor his forehead is pressed against.Will berates himself for losing his temper with the wendigo. What was he thinking antagonizing this creature? The wendigo is not some human who can empathize with his plight.

Will can't go on like this or he will fade away. Maybe death would be better?The feeling of inescapable depression engulfs him.Will can feel it seep into his bones and rankle his brain with endless static.The man doesn't notice the wendigo approach him till the feels a warm washcloth on his back. The man stiffens and freezes in place he squeezes his eyes short. The movement of the cloth stings but tender in application.

“William. Aren’t you exhausted from fighting me at every turn? “

Will licks his lips answering honestly “Yes. Are you tired of my company yet?”

“I am not tired of your company but of your resistance, yes. Your courage is admirable but you will not win this battle or war. Your fate lays two ways one with me and the other in death.”

“What if I choose death?” Will’s eyes squeeze shut tears sliding his cheeks under his chin.

“That’s not your decision to make. You are mine and I will decide. It will be easier on you if you submit to me,pet. I can punish you all day, everyday. Or I can reward you all day everyday.Either way...It is still my judgement whether you dereve one or the other.” Hannibal finishes wiping the blood away from Will’s back.

“Go lay on your stomach on the bed. I have a salve that will heal and sooth your cuts.” Hannibal gets up taking the washcloth and the bowl with the blood stained water. The wendigo doesn’t look back to see if his pet obeys him or not.

Will lays there for a moment before he gets up going to the bed. The man tugs on the collar as he goes. The collar feels tight and uncomfortable laying against his throat. Will lays down with his head in a pillowed curled into his arms. He feels the bed dip under Hannibal’s weight. Gentle hands smooth the salve on his wounded back but it did nothing to help sooth Will’s mind.Will whimpers when the wendigo rubs ointment into a particularly sensitive wound. The wendigo quietly shushes Will, as the does when his pet has nightmares.

The photographer delves into his imagination.Will is working out as many scenarios as he can to project the ending to this situation. Several of them are not plausible but very satisfying as his imaginary self kills the wendigo. Some are pure wishful thinking, like Hannibal feeling generous realising Will to his freedom. There are now left three options left in Will’s mind. Death by his own hand, it would remove the wendigo’s power. Hannibal would not have the pleasure of his power of life or death over Will. It was a very permanent solution that the wendigo will not let him have unless Hannibal provides it.

If the wendigo thinks he has control over Will, he could become complacent. Hannibal would be as vigilant because trusts Will to obey him. Then Will could look for an opening to escape. It will be a fine edge is between being submissive as well as interesting. Will drifs into sleep planning his subversive surrender.

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